





Astræa Redux.

A

P O E M

On the Happy

Restoration & Return

Of His Sacred Majesty

Charles the Second.

By JOHN DRIDEN.

Jam Redit & Virgo, Redeunt Saturnia Regna. Virgil.

L O N D O N,

Printed by J. M. for Henry Herringman, and are to be sold at
his Shop, at the Blew-Anchor, in the lower Walk of the New-
Exchange, 1660.

Alfred Roden

A

P O E M

On the Day

Restoration & Return

Of His Sacred Majesty

Charles the Second.

By JOHN DRYDEN.

Printed by J. M. for Wm. Sturges, at the Sign of the

LONDON.

Printed by J. M. for Wm. Sturges, at the Sign of the
the Shop, in the Block, in the lower Walk of the New-
Exchange, 1660.

(5)

Astræa Redux.

A

P O E M

On the Happy Restoration and Return of His
Sacred MAJESTY

Charles the Second.

NOW with a general Peace the World was blest,
While Ours, a World divided from the rest,
A dreadful Quiet felt, and worser farre
Then Armes, a sullen Intervall of Warre :
Thus when black Clouds draw down the lab'ring Skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged Thunder flies
An horrid Stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence Wee the Tempest fear.
Th' Ambitious *Swede* like restless Billowes tost,
On this hand gaining what on that he lost,
Though in his life he Blood and Ruine breath'd
To his now guideless Kingdome Peace bequeath'd.
And Heaven that seem'd regardless of our Fate,
For *France* and *Spain* did Miracles create,
Such mortal Quarrels to compose in Peace
As Nature bred and Int'rest did encrease.
We sigh'd to hear the fair *Iberian* Bride
Must grow a Lillie to the Lillies side,

B

While

(6)

While Our cross Stars deny'd us *Charles* his Bed
Whom Our first Flames and Virgin Love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan ;
Madness the Pulpit, Faction seiz'd the Throne :
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost
To see the Rebel thrive, the Loyal crost :
Youth that with Joys had unacquainted been
Envy'd gray hairs that once good days had seen :
We thought our Sires, not with their own content,
Had ere we came to age our Portion spent.
Nor could our Nobles hope their bold Attempt
Who ruin'd Crowns would Coronets exempt :
For when by their designing Leaders taught
To strike at Pow'r which for themselves they fought,
The Vulgar gull'd into Rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by the Prize was warm'd.
The Sacred Purple then and Scarlet Gown
Like sanguine Dye to Elephants was shown.
Thus when the bold *Typhoeus* scal'd the Sky,
And forc'd great *Jove* from his own Heaven to fly,
(What King, what Crown from Treasons reach is free,
If *Jove* and *Heaven* can violated be ?)
The lesser Gods that shar'd his prosp'rous State
All suffer'd in the Exil'd Thund'ers Fate.
The Rabble now such Freedom did enjoy,
As Winds at Sea that use it to destroy :
Blind as the *Cyclops*, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless salvage Libertie,
Like that our painted Ancestours so priz'd
Ere Empires Arts their Breasts had Civiliz'd.
How Great were then Our *Charles* his Woes, who thus
Was forc'd to suffer for Himself and us!

He

He toſ'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,
 Heir to his Fathers Sorrows, with his Crown,
 Could taſt no ſweets of youths deſired Age,
 But found his life too true a Pilgrimage.
 Unconquer'd yet in that forlorne Eſtate
 His Manly Courage overcame his Fate.
 His wounds he took like *Romans* on his breaſt,
 Which by his Vertue were with Lawrells dreſt.
 As Souls reach Heav'n while yet in Bodies pent,
 So did he live above his Banishment.
 That Sun which we beheld with couſ'ned eyes
 Within the water, mov'd along the ſkies.
 How eaſie 'tis when Deſtiny proves kind
 With full ſpread Sails to run before the wind,
 But thoſe that 'gainſt ſtiff gales laveering go
 Muſt be at once reſolv'd and ſkilful too.
 He would not like ſoft *Otho* hope prevent
 But ſtay'd and ſuffer'd Fortune to repent.
 Theſe Vertues *Galba* in a ſtranger fought;
 And *Piſo* to Adopted Empire brought.
 How ſhall I then my doubtful thoughts expreſs
 That muſt his ſufferings both regret and bleſs!
 For when his early Valour Heav'n had croſt,
 And all at *Worc'ſter* but the honour loſt,
 Forc'd into exile from his rightful Throne
 He made all Countries where he came his own.
 And viewing Monarchs ſecret Arts of ſway
 A Royal Factor for their Kingdomes lay.
 Thus baniſh'd *David* ſpent abroad his time.
 When to be Gods Anointed was his Crime
 And when reſtor'd made his proud Neighbours rue
 Thoſe choiſe Remarques he from his Travels drew,

Nor is he onely by afflictions shown
 To conquer others Realms but rule his own :
 Recovering hardly what he lost before
 His right indears it much, his purchase more.
 Inur'd to suffer ere he came to raigne
 No rash procedure will his actions stain.
 To bus'ness ripened by digestive thought
 His future rule is into Method brought :
 As they who first Proportion understand
 With easie Practice reach a Masters hand.
 Well might the Ancient Poets then confer
 On Night the honour'd name of *Counseller*,
 Since struck with rayes of prosp'rous fortune blind
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.
 In such adversities to Scepters train'd
 The name of *Great* his famous Grandfire gain'd :
 Who yet a King alone in Name and Right,
 With hunger, cold and angry *Jove* did fight ;
 Shock'd by a Covenanting Leagues vast Pow'rs
 As holy and as Catholique as ours :
 Till Fortunes fruitless spight had made it known
 Her blowes not shook but riveted his Throne.

Some lazy Ages lost in sleep and ease
 No action leave to busie Chronicles ;
 Such whose supine felicity but makes
 In story *Chasmes*, in *Epoche's* mistakes ;
 O're whom *Time* gently shakes his wings of Down
 Till with his silent sickle they are mown :
 Such is not *Charles* his too too active age,
 Which govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
 Of some black Star infecting all the Skies,
 Made him at his own cost like *Adam* wise.

Tremble

Tremble ye Nations who secure before
 Laught at those Armes that 'gainst our selves we bore ;
 Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail
 Our Lyon now will forraign Foes assail.
 With *Alga* who the sacred altar strowes ?
 To all the Sea-Gods *Charles* an Offring owes :
 A Bull to thee *Portunus* shall be slain
 A Lamb to you the Tempests of the Main :
 For those loud stormes that did against him rore
 Have cast his shipwrack'd Vessel on the shore.
 Yet as wise Artists mix their colours so
 That by degrees they from each other go,
 Black steals unheeded from the neighb'ring white
 Without offending the well cous'ned sight :
 So on us stole our blessed change ; while we
 Th' effect did feel but scarce the manner see.
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
 To flow'rs, that in its womb expecting lye,
 Do seldom their usurping Pow'r withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw :
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthned day.
 Heav'n would no bargain for its blessings drive
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of Peace would like himself confer
 A gift unhop'd without the price of war.
 Yet as he knew his blessings worth, took care
 That we should know it by repeated pray'r ;
 Which storm'd the skies and ravish'd *Charles* from thence
 As Heav'n it self is took by violence.
Booth's forward Valour only serv'd to show
 He durst that duty pay we all did owe :

Th' Attempt was fair ; but Heav'ns prefixed hour
 Not come ; so like the watchful traveller
 That by the Moons mistaken light did rise,
 Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes.
 'Twas *MOXCK* whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed Saints that watch'd this turning Scene
 Did from their Stars with joyful wonder leane,
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk but in their order strong.
 Thus Pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond *Chymera's* we pursue
 As fancy frames for fancy to subdue,
 But when our selves to action we betake
 It thuns the Mint like gold that Chymists make :
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the body natural we see
 Mans Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of Muscles, Nerves, and of the Brain ;
 Through viewless Conduits Spirits to dispense,
 The Springs of Motion from the Seat of Sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well ripened fruit of wise delay.
 He like a patient Angler, er'e he strooke
 Would let them play a while upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the Stomach labours thus
 At first embracing what it strait doth crush.
 Wise Leeches will not vain Receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude ;
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill
 Till some safe *Crisis* authorise their skill.

Nor

Nor could his Acts too close a vizard wear
 To scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
 And guard with caution that polluted nest
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess.
 Once sacred house which when they enter'd in
 They thought the place could sanctifie a sin ;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heav'n would wink
 While to excess on Martyrs tombs they drink.
 And as devouter *Turks* first warn their souls
 To part, before they tast forbidden bowls,
 So these when their black crimes they went about
 First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
 Religions name against it self was made ;
 The shadow serv'd the substance to invade :
 Like Zealous Missions they did care pretend
 Of souls in shew, but made the Gold their end.
 Th' incens'd Pow'r's beheld with scorn from high
 An Heaven so far distant from the sky,
 Which durst with horses hoofs that beat the ground
 And Martial brass bely the thunders sound.
 'Twas hence at length just Vengeance thought it fit
 To speed their ruine by their impious wit.
 Thus *Sforza* curs'd with a too fertile brain
 Lost by his wiles the Pow'r his wit did gain.
 Henceforth their Fogue must spend at lesser rate
 Then in its flames to wrap a Nations Fate.
 Suffer'd to live, they are like *Helots* set
 A vertuous shame within us to beget:
 For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And glass-like cleareness mixt with frailty bore.
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
 We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss:

Like early Lovers whose unpractis'd hearts
 Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their Jealousies were vain
 With double heat renew their fires again.
 'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurried o're
 Such swarmes of English to the Neighb'ring shore,
 To fetch that prize, by which *Batavia* made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd Trade.
 Oh had you seen from *Schevelines* barren shore
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no more,)
 Afflicted *Holland* to his farewell bring
 True Sorrow, *Holland* to regret a King;
 While waiting him his Royal Fleet did ride
 And willing winds to their low'rd sayles deny'd.
 The waving Streamers, Flags, and Standart out
 The merry Seamens rude but chearful shout,
 And last the Cannons voice that shook the skies
 And, as it fares in sudden Extasies
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
 The *Naseby* now no longer *Englands* shame
 But better to be lost in *Charles* his name
 (Like some unequal Bride in nobler sheets)
 Receives her Lord: the joyful *London* meets
 The Princely *York*, himself alone a freight;
 The *Swift-sure* groans beneath Great *Gloc'sters* weight.
 Secure as when the *Halcyon* breeds, with these
 He that was born to drown might cross the Seas.
 Heav'n could not own a Providence and take
 The wealth three Nations ventur'd at a stake.
 The same indulgence *Charles* his Voyage bless'd
 Which in his right had Miracles confess'd.
 The winds that never Moderation knew
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew ;

Or

Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
 Their straightned lungs, or conscious of their Charge.
 The British *Amphitryte* smooth and clear
 In richer Azure never did appear;
 Proud her returning Prince to entertain
 With the submitted Fasces of the Main.

ANd welcome now (*Great Monarch*) to your own;
 Behold th' approaching clifles of *Albion*;
 It is no longer Motion cheats your view,
 As you meet it, the Land approacheth you.
 The Land returns, and in the white it wears
 The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
 But you, whose goodness your discent doth show,
 Your Heav'nly Parentage and earthly too;
 By that same mildness which your Fathers Crown
 Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
 Not ty'd to rules of Policy, you find
 Revenge less sweet then a forgiving mind.
 Thus when th' Almighty would to *Moses* give
 A sight of all he could behold and live;
 A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-Suffring, Goodness, Mercy in his Name.
 Your Pow'r to Justice doth submit your Cause,
 Your Goodness only is above the Laws;
 Whose rigid letter while pronounc'd by you
 Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew
 When through Arabian Groves they take their flight
 Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their spight.
 And as those Lees that trouble it, refine
 The agitated Soul of Generous Wine,

So tears of joy for your returning spilt,
 Work out and expiate our former guilt.
 Methinks I see those Crowds on *Dovers* Strand
 Who in their hast to welcome you to Land
 Choak'd up the Beach with their still growing store,
 And made a wilder Torrent on the shore.
 While spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight
 Those who had seen you, court a second sight;
 Preventing still your steps, and making hast
 To meet you often where so e're you past.
 How shall I speak of that triumphant Day
 When you renew'd the expiring Pomp of *May*!
 (A Month that owns an Intrest in your Name:
 You and the Flow'rs are its peculiar Claim.)
 That Star that at your Birth shone out so bright
 It stain'd the duller Suns Meridian light,
 Did once again its potent Fires renew
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now times whiter Series is begun
 Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run;
 Those Clouds that overcast your Morne shall fly
 Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
 Our Nation with united Int'rest blest
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
 Abroad your Empire shall no Limits know,
 But like the Sea in boundless Circles flow.
 Your much lov'd Fleet shall with a wide Command
 Besiege the petty Monarchs of the Land:
 And as Old Time his Off-spring swallow'd down
 Our Ocean in its depths all Seas shall drown.
 Their wealthy Trade from Pyrates Rapine free
 Our Merchants shall no more Advent'ers be:

Nor

Nor in the farthest East those Dangers fear
 Which humble *Holland* must dissemble here.
Spain to your Gift alone her Indies owes;
 For what the Pow'rful takes not he bestowes.
 And *France* that did an Exiles presence fear
 May justly apprehend you still too near.
 At home the hateful names of Parties cease
 And factious Souls are weary'd into peace.
 The discontented now are only they
 Whose Crimes before did your Just Cause betray:
 Of those your Edicts some reclaim from sins,
 But most your Life and Blest Example wins.
 Oh happy Prince whom Heav'n hath taught the way
 By paying Vowes, to have more Vowes to pay!
 Oh Happy Age! Oh times like those alone
 By Fate reserv'd for Great *Augustus* Throne!
 When the joint growth of Armes and Arts foreshew
 The World a Monarch, and that Monarch You.

